



No. 83

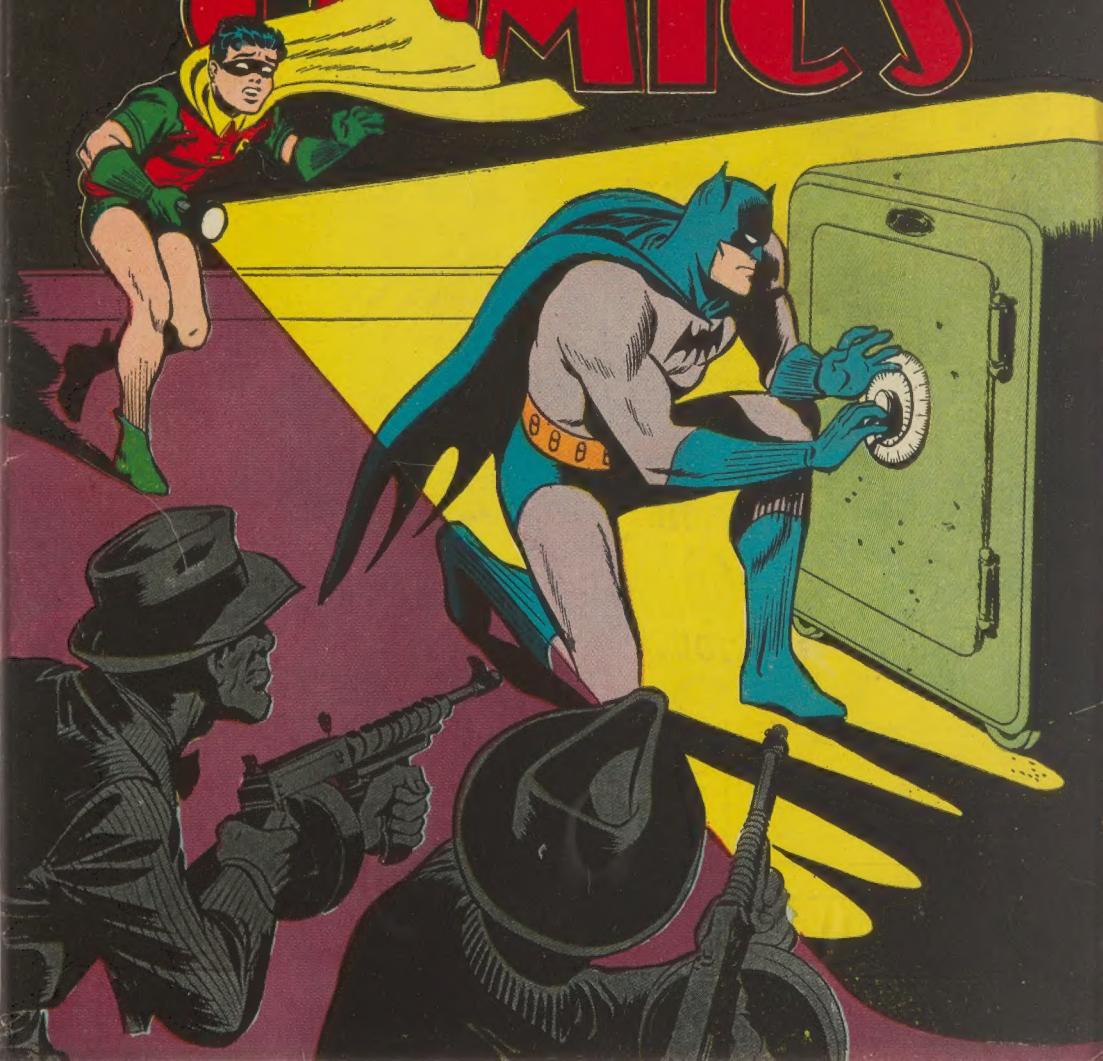
JAN...TEN CENTS

BATMAN

A SUPERMAN
DC PUBLICATION

Detective COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Jim Prentice ANNOUNCES

NEW ELECTRIC FOOTBALL

A black and white cartoon illustration of a man with dark hair, wearing a suit jacket, white shirt, and tie. He is smiling broadly. The drawing is done in a simple, bold line style.

With the amazing "TELEVISION SCREEN".
Operates Electrically or Mechanically!



CLIP COUPON AND MAIL TODAY

THE ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC.

433 Bridge Street

Holyoke, Mass.

Gentlemen: I enclose \$

Please ship the games (checked at right) to:

NAME

ADDRESS

TOWN —

NOTE: We pay postage when full remittance is sent. 11

games shipped C.O.D. send \$1 deposit and postman will collect balance due plus postage and C.O.D. fees.

HELP yourself to breath-taking gridiron thrills with America's greatest Football game! Each captain decides his team's strategy as "Play Selectors" are set and exciting gains and losses flash on the "Television Screen." The player who knows smart football controls the yardage of the miniature pigskin as it goes up and down the field. But it's anybody's game and the team that's trailing has a fighting chance to score a touchdown or win a smashing last-minute victory! New Dual-Control permits operation of game with or without battery. Game comes complete, ready to play, with Miniature Football, Timing Dial, 10 yard marker, etc. in handsome leatherette gift box \$2.

New ELECTRIC BASEBALL

OPERATING ELECTRICAL OR MECHANICAL

BE the popular owner of this big electric diamond! Offers you and your friends hours of fun and enjoyment! Plays and scoring follow Big League baseball from start to finish. There's plenty of opportunity for real strategy whether you're "at bat" or in the "pitchers box" as the results of the "Play Selectors" are instantly recorded on the "Television Screen." Automatic umpire renders decisions. New Dual-Control permits operation with or without battery. Complete, ready to play, with all accessories in beautiful leatherette gift box \$2.

2 less Batteries ORDER EARLY!
For Christmas
AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT

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BATMAN

WITH

ROBIN

THE BOY WONDER



BOB KANE



ACCIDENTS HAPPEN—
EVERYWHERE—BUT
SELDOM DO THEY PRO-
DUCE SUCH AMAZING AF-
TER-EFFECTS AS YOU
WILL READ ABOUT IN
THIS STARTLING STORY;
FOR RICH MEN ROB
THEMSELVES TO SAVE
THIEVES THE TROUBLE—
AND EVEN THE MIGHTY
BATMAN OBLIGES
GANGSTERS BY TURN-
ING FROM HIS CRIME-SMASH-
ING CRUSADE TO CRACK
A SAFE! AND AS FOR
ALFRED, BUTLER EXTRA-
ORDINARY TO THE
BATMAN AND ROBIN—
YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE
WHAT HE GOES THROUGH
TILL YOU'VE SEEN FOR
YOURSELF THE FANTASTIC
THINGS THAT OCCUR IN
GOTHAM CITY—

"ACCIDENTALLY OR PURPOSE!"

A MINOR MYSTERY ENGAGES THE ATTENTION OF BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON...

BY THE WAY, WHERE'S ALFRED? I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM FOR HOURS!

COME TO THINK OF IT, NEITHER HAVE I!

HE'S BEEN ACTING MIGHTY STRANGE LATELY... I'LL SEE IF HE'S IN THE KITCHEN?

I'LL TRY HIS ROOM UPSTAIRS!

NOT A SIGN OF HIM?

HE ISN'T ON THIS FLOOR EITHER--- AND HE WOULDN'T ORDINARILY LEAVE THE HOUSE WITHOUT SAYING SOMETHING!



SUDDENLY...

ZZZINGGGGG...

THE ALARM FROM THE BAT CAVE! SOMEONE MUST BE DOWN THERE!



NO ONE HERE OR IN THE LAB... I'LL TRY THE GYM?



WAIT FOR ME!

A SECRET STAIRWAY LEADS TO THE BAT CAVE, SUBTERRANEAN SHELTER FOR THE BATMOBILE AND THE BATPLANE, A CRIMINOLOGICAL LABORATORY, AND OTHER CRIME-FIGHTING TOOLS OF THE BATMAN...



LOOK OUT!

UGH!





IN ALFRED'S ABSENCE, LIFE IN GOTHAM CITY FOLLOWS ITS USUAL COURSE, WITH ITS TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS---AND ITS TRAFFIC MISHAPS...

I WAS LOOKING BEFORE---AND IT LOOKED TO ME AS IF THAT DRIVER HIT THE FELLOW DELIBERATELY!

LOOK, BRUCE!



TAKE HIM TO MY OFFICE! I'M DR. GOODWIN, AND I SAW IT FROM MY WINDOW!

A GOOD THING YOU WERE HANDY, DOCTOR. HE'S LIVING, BUT HE MAY BE BADLY HURT!



WHY, IT'S THE JEWELRY STORE OWNED BY CORLISS, THE MAN WHO WAS HIT BY THAT CAR!

RIGHT! WHEN A CROOK DELIBERATELY RUNS DOWN A MAN WORTH ROBBING, IT'S SOMETHING TO LOOK INTO!



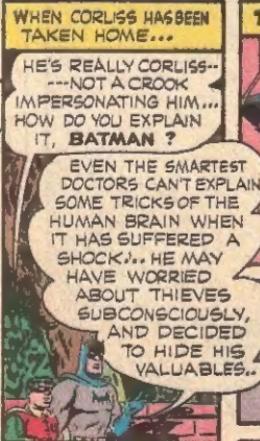
I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED HIM EARLIER... HE'S HENRY CORLISS, OWNER OF A BIG JEWELRY STORE!



PRESENTLY...

YOU CERTAINLY CALLED, THE PLAY, BATMAN! THAT BIRD IS A BURGLAR IF I EVER SAW ONE---BUT IT ISN'T BIFF!





ONCE AGAIN DARKNESS
BRINGS FORTH THE
UNDERWORLD'S MOST
RELENTLESS FOES...

YOU THINK KLING MAY
WALK IN HIS SLEEP, TOO.

SINCE HIS
ACCIDENT WAS
APPARENTLY
PLANNED AS
DELIBERATELY
AS CORLISS;
IT'S WORTH
CHECKING
UP ON!

THIS IS THE
OFFICE OF
KLING & HUGGINS
---AND IN
WE GO!

RIGHT
WITH
YOU?

WOULDN'T IT BE
FUNNY IF WE
WAITED ALL NIGHT
AND NOTHING
HAPPENED?

SH-H-H-H! SOMEONE'S
AT THE DOOR --- AND BY
THE SHAPE OF HIS SHADOW,
I'D SAY IT WAS KLING!

NOW?
NO!

BUT THAT STUFF HE TOOK
BELONGS TO HIS PARTNER
AS WELL AS HIM! ARE WE
GOING TO LET HIM GET
AWAY WITH IT?

ONLY 'TIL WE SEE
WHERE HE TAKES IT!

AT A RAMSHACKLE HOUSE IN THE SLUMS...

WONDER WHAT
KIND OF PLACE
THAT IS?

OH, IT'S YOU,
KLING!
C'MON
IN!

I WOULDN'T BE
SURPRISED IF IT WAS THE
HIDEOUT OF BIFF BANNON
AND HIS MOBS!

WHAT A SETUP!
DA CHUMPS ROB
DEMSELVES AN'
BRING US DA
SWAG!

INSIDE...

AN' DA DOC FIXES
IT SO DEY CONFESS TO
DA COPS, BUT CAN'T
REMEMBER WHAT DEY
DONE WIT' DA STUFF!

YEAH--- BUT I
AIN'T FELT RIGHT
SINCE **BATMAN**
SPOILED TINGS
WIT' CORLISS!

THE NEXT INSTANT...



LEFT ALONE WITH THE CRIMINALS, BATMAN IS UNAWARE OF ANOTHER FIGURE THAT ENTERS THE ROOM STEALTHILY...

SO YOU WON'T TELL WHO'S WORKING WITH YOU, BIFF?

STICK AROUND AN' MAYBE YA'LL FIND OUTS!

A LOCAL ANESTHETIC WILL RENDER THE PATIENT MORE AMENABLE TO TREATMENTS.

TANKS, DOC! NOW I'LL GET ME CHOPPER AN' FILL HIM UP WIT' LEAD!

BUT WHY WON'T YA LET ME PLUG HIM, DOC?

I FEAR YOU HAVE NO IMAGINATION, MY DEAR BIFF! WHY HAVE A TOTALLY UNNECESSARY MURDER ON YOUR CONSCIENCE?

A BIT OF MY SPECIAL FORMULA THAT PUTS THE WILL TO SLEEP, AND IN HIS UNCONSCIOUS STATE, BATMAN WILL REMEMBER AND OBEY WHATEVER ORDERS I GIVE HIM!

DOC, YOU'RE A WIZARD! WE'LL MAKE HIM PULL JOBS FOR US—AN' TOIN HIM IN AS A CROOK ANY TIME WE WANT!

MINUTES LATER...

BATMAN! YOU'RE HURT!

THEY MUST HAVE SLUGGED HIM AND MADE THEIR GETAWAY!

OHHH...

MY HEAD—EVERYTHING'S FUZZY...

LET ME TAKE YOU HOME, BATMAN—AND TOMORROW WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER TRY FOR THOSE RATS!

AT HOME, BRUCE WAYNE GOES TO BED...BUT NOT TO SLEEP...

IF YOU DON'T FEEL BETTER IN THE MORNING, I'LL CALL A DOCTOR!

I'LL BE ALL RIGHT...

FUNNY I CAN'T GET RID OF THE FEELING THAT THERE'S SOMETHING I SHOULD BE DOING!

IT'S GETTING CLEARER NOW... FOR SOME REASON I HAVE TO GO TO A JEWELRY MANUFACTURING SHOP DOWNTOWN... ALONE...

SO HE'S BEEN PLAYING 'POSSUM AND WANTS TO SNEAK OUT W. THOUT ME? WELL SEE ABOUT THAT!

NEAR THE WAYNE HOME, A MYSTERIOUS STROLLER SPIES THE BATMAN AND THE TRAILING BOY WONDER...



SHADOWED BY A SHADOW WHO IS SHADOWED IN TURN, THE ACE CRIME-SMASHER GAINS THE ROOF OF A BUILDING CONTAINING SMALL FACTORIES...



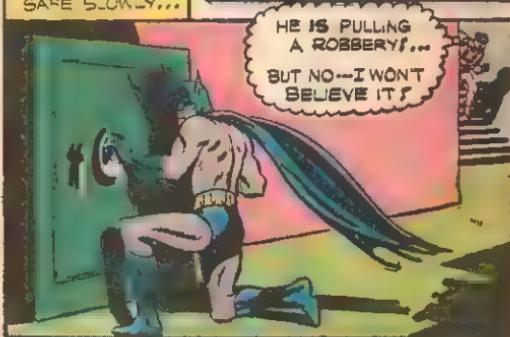
WITH A SKILL ANY BURGLAR MIGHT WELL ENY, BATMAN SHORT-CIRCUITS THE BUILDING'S ALARM SYSTEM BEFORE FORCING A SKYLIGHT...

THERE---NO DANGER OF GETTING CAUGHT NOW!

IF I DIDN'T KNOW HIM SO WELL, I'D SWEAR HE WAS ABOUT TO PULL A ROBBERY...



IN A SHOP WHERE EXPENSIVE JEWELRY IS MADE, HIS FINGERS TURN THE DIAL OF A SAFE SLOWLY...



DRIVEN BY A STRANGE MENTAL COMPELSION, THE ARCH FOE OF THIEVES REACHES FOR GLITTERING GEMS AND BARS OF PRECIOUS METAL---THEN PAUSES...

NOW FOR THE LOOT!... BUT WAIT... WHAT AM I DOING? WHY AM I STEALING THESE THINGS?



DEEP INSTINCTS OF HONESTY AND JUSTICE GRAPPLE WITH THE INSIDIOUS SPELL PUT UPON HIM BY DR. GOODWIN...

I CAN'T BETRAY MYSELF AND EVERYONE WHO TRUSTS ME--- AND YET I DON'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY CHOICE IN THE MATTER!

HE'S FIGHTING AGAINST IT!... DON'T GIVE IN, BATMAN! PLEASE DON'T GIVE IN!



FINALLY...

NO! NOTHING CAN
MAKE ME DO T!...
HUH?... ROBIN?

I SUSPECTED
SOMETHING
WAS WRONG,
AND FOLLOWED
YOU, BATMAN!
WHAT WAS
IT?

SOME POWERFUL IMPULSE URGED
ME TO STEAL... IT MUST HAVE
BEEN THE SAME THING THAT
HAPPENED TO CORLEONE AND
KING AFTER
THEIR
ACCIDENTS!

I WONDER, F
DR. GOODWIN
WAS AROUND
AFTER YOU WERE
HIT ON THE HEAD?

SUDDENLY...

CORRECT, YOUNG
MAN... I WAS AROUND.
UNFORTUNATELY, BATMAN
HAS PROVED AN
UNRESPONSIVE PATENT!

GOODWIN...
AND
BIFF!

SO WE'RE GONNA
COOL YA BOTH WIT'
SLUGS, I'M HAPPY
TA ANNOUNCE!

REALIZING THAT
YOUR MENTAL
RESISTANCE MIGHT
BE GREATER THAN MOST
PEOPLE'S, BATMAN,
I DECIDED TO BEON
HANDS. BIFF WILL
HAVE TO COMPLETE
THE ROBBERY, AFTER
EXECUTING YOU!

BOTH
DEM
LITTLE
CHORES LL
BE A
PLEASURE!

TRIGGER FINGERS GROW TENSE, AND
THERE SEEEMS NO ESCAPE FOR THE
DYNAMIC DUO THIS TIME...

IT'S A PLEASURE
YOU'LL PAY
HIGH FOR, BIFF!

I'LL TAKE A CHANCE
ON DAT! READY,
BOYS?

BUT WHAT OF THE MYSTERIOUS
STRANGER WHO HAS FOLLOWED
BATMAN AND ROBIN?

IN THE
ELECTRIC
CHAIR!

A PER LOUS SITUATION!
I MUST DESCEND WITH
ALL POSSIBLE
HASTE!

AND YET
WITH SILENT
CAUTION,
SO AS TO
TAKE
THEM BY
SURPRISE...
OOPS!



INTERRUPTION TO MURDER?

DEUCED AWKWARD OF ME, WHAT?

AN AIR RAID!

HERE WE GO AGAIN!

LET'S SEE HOW GOOD YOU ARE AT CRACKING SAFES?

BOING!

DEAR ME! WHAT IF I HAD INJURED MYSELF?

BUT-- BUT-- OO-H-H?

BUT?... ANYTHING TO OBLIGE!

IT AIN'T TOO LATE TA FINISH WHAT I STARTED, BATMAN!

OH, YES, IT IS, BIFF-- MUCH TOO LATE!

AAAAA...

PERHAPS I'D BETTER LEAVE...

NOT SO FAST! THE POLICE WILL WANT TO KNOW HOW YOU HAD GANGSTERS ARRANGE PHONEY ACCIDENTS FOR SELECTED VICTIMS, THEN DRUGGED THEM SO THEY WOULD COMMIT WHATEVER CRIMES YOU ORDERED!

IF ONLY IT HAD WORKED ON YOU, BATMAN!

I GUESS WE OWE OUR LIVES TO YOU, MR.--ER--

DON'T MENTION IT, SIR! I'M JUST A HIGH-CLASS BUTLER AND CHAUFFEUR WHO SAW YOU AND THE YOUNG MANGSTER, AND THOUGHT I'D TOP OFF MY VACATION WITH A BIT OF EXCITEMENT!

JUST BE THANKFUL THIS ISN'T GOING AROUND YOUR NECK, DOC!

AND NOW, BY YOUR LEAVE,
I'LL SUMMON THE POLICE TO
TAKE CHARGE
OF THESE
SCOUNDRELS,
MR. WAYNE---
I MEAN,
BATMAN!

WHAT
DID
YOU
CALL
ME?

HE KNOWS
BATMAN'S
IDENTITY---
BUT ONLY
ALFRED AND I
ARE SUPPOSED
TO KNOW
THAT'S

WHY, SIR---THAT
IS---YOU SEE---

THAT
VOICE!
CHAUFFEUR'S
UNIFORM!
IT LOOKS
FAMILIAR---
BUT ON A
SLIMMER
SCALE!

IT'S HIM---BUT HIS
UPPER LIP HAS
BURST INTO FLOWER,
AND THE REST OF
HIM HAS SHRUNK!

ALFRED!
WHATEVER
HAPPENED TO
YOUR---ER---
AVOIDUPOIS?



IT'S RAWTHER A
PAINFUL STORY, SIR!
I FELT I LACKED A
CERTAIN DASH AND
ELEGANCE THAT
WOULD ENHANCE
MY VALUE AS YOUR
CRIME-FIGHTING
ASS STANT...

SO I SPENT
MY HOLIDAY
AT A HEALTH
RESORT,
CULT VATIN'
A NEW FIGURE
BY HARD WORK
AND
YOU'LL NEVER
KNOW HOW
HARD!

I CAN'T GET
OVER THE
STREAMLINING!

HERE WAS MY
INSPIRATION, SIR!
"THE IDEAL DETECTIVE IS
ATHLETIC, LIGHT AND
SWIFT IN MOVEMENT,
GRACEFUL AS A
SWAN---"



ALFRED---
ARE YOU
HURT?

---AND UTTERLY
SELF-POSSESSED
IN ALL
CIRCUMSTANCES!"

MAGNIFICENT!
YOU
SAID IT!



YOU'RE READY FOR ACTION!



"What does the draft board mean—'Get a case of Wheaties and report back in 30 days?'"

WHEN YOU EAT LIKE A CHAMPION!

AND HERE'S the famous athlete's training dish that'll help you get ready for action tomorrow morning. Now that America needs champions, help yourself to milk and fruit and Wheaties—"Breakfast of Champions."

FOOD POWER! That's what Wheaties give you. *All* the widely known vital food power of real whole wheat.

You'll go for that "second-helping" flavor, too—the nut-sweet, toasted flavor that makes Wheaties a national favorite.

So eat like a champion every morning. Get going with a real "Breakfast of Champions." That's Wheaties, made by General Mills, Inc.

Hey, look! Special offer good only while our limited supplies last. Get handsome mechanical pencil shaped like big league baseball bat—streamline curved to fit your fingers. Send 10c and one Wheaties box top to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 409, Minneapolis, Minn. And send today!



"Breakfast of Champions"

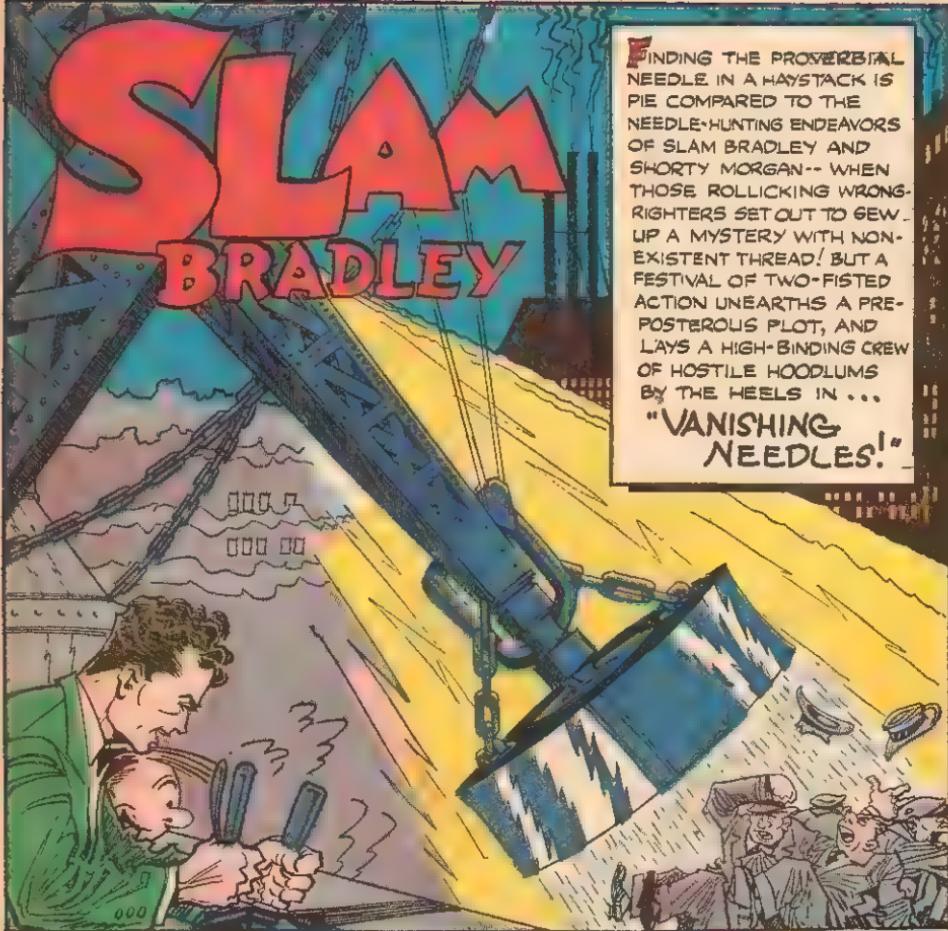
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

SLAM BRADLEY

FINDING THE PROVERBIAL NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK IS PIE COMPARED TO THE NEEDLE-HUNTING ENDEAVORS OF SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN-- WHEN THOSE ROLICKING WRONG-RIGHTERS SET OUT TO SEW UP A MYSTERY WITH NON-EXISTENT THREAD! BUT A FESTIVAL OF TWO-FISTED ACTION UNEARHS A PRE-POSTEROUS PLOT, AND LAYS A HIGH-BINDING CREW OF HOSTILE HOODLUMS BY THE HEELS IN ...

**"VANISHING
NEEDLES!"**



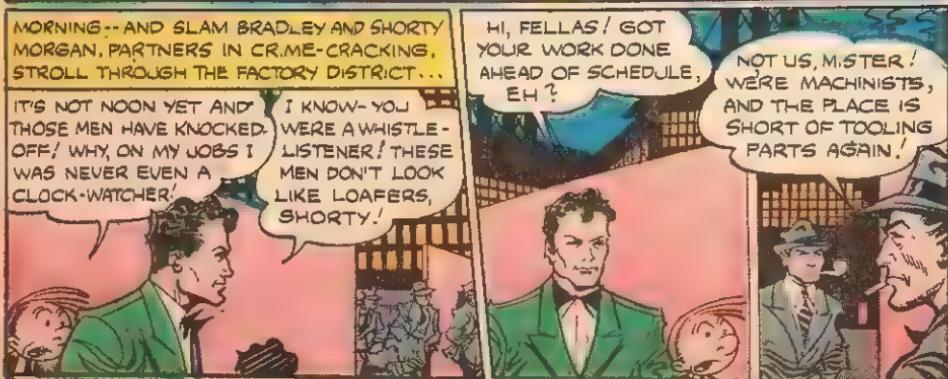
MORNING-- AND SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN, PARTNERS IN CRIME-CRACKING, STROLL THROUGH THE FACTORY DISTRICT...

IT'S NOT NOON YET AND THOSE MEN HAVE KNOCKED. I KNOW-- YOU

WERE A WHISTLE-
LISTENER! THESE
MEN DON'T LOOK
LIKE LOAFERS,
SHORTY!

HI, FELLAS! GOT
YOUR WORK DONE
AHEAD OF SCHEDULE,
EH?

NOT US, MISTER!
WE'RE MACHINISTS,
AND THE PLACE IS
SHORT OF TOOLING
PARTS AGAIN!



SHORT OF PARTS, EH?
-- HEY, LOOK AT THAT
CHAP DOWN THERE! HE
SEEMS SCARED OF US!

LOOKS LIKE A
GUY WITH A BAD
CONSCIENCE,--
THE KIND THAT
RUNS EVEN IF
NOBODY'S AFTER
HIM!

WONDER WHAT HE WAS
STOOPING FOR--THIS
LOOKS LIKE A PHONO-
GRAPH NEEDLE! WHY
SHOULD HE HAVE FELT
GUILTY PICKING IT UP?

PICK IT UP
YOURSELF AND
MAYBE YOU'LL
GET THE POINT!
HA, HA!



THERE THEY GO...
WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE
IT WAS ALL ABOUT?

COULD IT POSSIBLY HAVE
BEEN THAT NEEDLE?--
LET'S HAVE A LOOK!

IT'S GONE, ALL RIGHT.
VERY STRANGE -- ALL
THAT FUSS OVER
SUCH AN INSIGNIFICANT
OBJECT!

Y THAT NEEDLE
HAS US STUCK-
AND WE HAVEN'T
A THREAD TO
GO ON!

I'M NOT SO SURE, SHRIMP... THAT NEEDLE WASN'T REALLY THE PHONOGRAPH KIND-- AND THOSE CROOKS WANTED IT BAD! LET'S GET A PAPER!

LOOKING FOR A NEEDLE IN A NEWS STACK, EH?

NEWSPAPERS

LOOK! DIAMOND-POINTED NEEDLES! THAT'S IT, RUNT! IT'S STILL ALL SCRAMBLED-- BUT BACK TO THE GARR FACTORY WE GO!

CITY PRESS

GARR TOOL PLANT AGAIN ROBBED!

THEFT OF DIAMOND-POINTED PRECISION CUTTING TOOLS HALTS WORK FOR THE THIRD TIME THIS WEEK. THE GARR PRECISION TOOL CO. HAS BEEN FORCED TO HALT OPERATIONS...

A REWARD, MAYBE, IF WE'RE UP TO SCRATCH ON OUR NEEDLE WORK, OLD SOCK!

ALL WE KNOW IS WHAT WE SAW IN THE NEWSPAPERS-- AND WHAT I TOLD YOU ABOUT THE FIGHT WE HAD!

LATER... CLOSETED WITH THE MANAGER OF THE GARR PLANT...

THE PAPERS CARRIED THE NEWS OF YESTERDAY'S THEFT-- SINCE THEN WE GOT IN A FRESH SUPPLY OF NEEDLES, BUT THEY'VE DISAPPEARED, TOO!

THERE'S A SUBSTANTIAL REWARD OUT! BUT THE MEN ARE THOROUGHLY SEARCHED AT THE GATE, AND THE FENCE IS WATCHED AGAINST ANY OBJECT BEING THROWN OVER IT. SO I DON'T SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO!

IT'S A TOUGH PROBLEM ALL RIGHT!

WELL, WE'LL SEE WHAT WE --- HUH? WHAT IS IT?

HEY, SLAM!

C'MERE - QUICK! SOMETHING'S DARN QUEER!

WHEN THAT MAN THERE, WALKED UNDER THAT CRANE, HIS HAIR STOOD RIGHT UP ON END!

THAT'S AN ELECTRO-MAGNET LOOK-- IT'S SWINGING OUT TOWARD THE FENCE HMM I'VE GOT IT

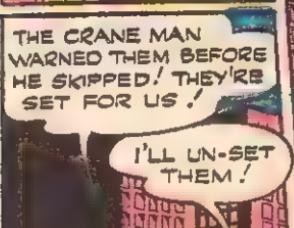
THE NEEDLES ARE HIDDEN IN THE MAN'S HAIR AND THE ELECTRO-MAGNET DRAWS IT UP WHEN THE FELLOW PASSES UNDERNEATH!

THE CRANE OPERATOR HAS CUT THE CURRENT NOW SO THAT THE NEEDLES WILL FALL OFF! THEY'RE PICKING 'EM UP! LET'S GO!

WHY THAT MAN WHO HAD THE NEEDLES IN HIS HAIR WAS JENKS, MY STOCK CLERK.

SECONDS LATER...

YOU'VE GOT ME IN STITCHES, MOLECULE! FASTER, AND TELL THE GATEMAN WE'RE OFFICIAL!

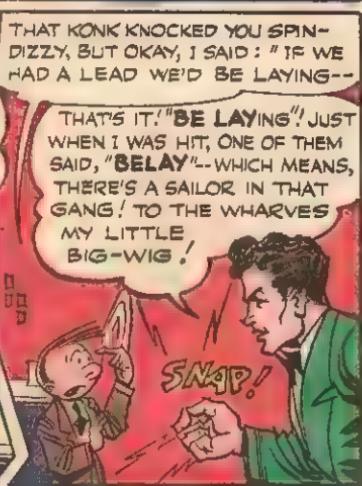


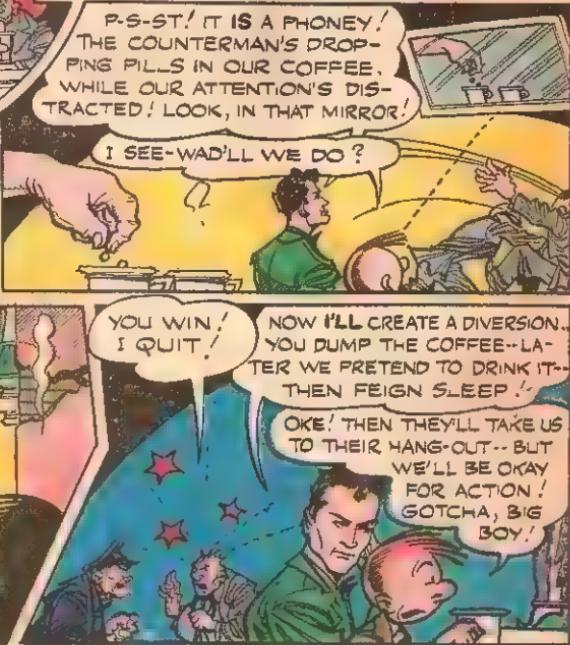
WE'RE JUST DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH, PAL--BUT VERY ROUGH!



BUT THE WILY CRANE OPERATOR IS AGAIN AT THE CONTROLS...







AND SOON THEY ARE SIMULATING DRUGGED SLEMBER ...

OUT LIKE A COUPLE OF BUSTED Binnacle LIGHTS!

GET JENKS FROM THE BACK! AND GET THE SPEED-BOAT READY!

GOOD WORK, MEN. THE SHIP'S WAITING. HURRY!

THEY'RE AS GOOD AS ABOARD AW-READY, MR. JENKS!



SHORTLY, THE POSSUM-PLAYING PAIR FIND THEMSELVES IN A POWERFUL SPEED BOAT...

ONCE OUT AT SEA, WE'LL WEIGHT THE SNOOPERS, TOSS 'EM OVERBOARD, AN' THAT'LL BE TH' LAST OF TH' MEDDLERS!



AND HAVING ASSURED THEMSELVES OF THE GANG'S FINAL HEADQUARTERS...

GOOD, IS RIGHT! AN' KEEL-HAUL ME, MATEYS, IF I DON'T HALF-KEEL THE LOT OF YOU!

I'M GOING TO THROW JENKS OVER THE SIDE, AND THEN THROW THE LAUNCH AT HIM!

WHA... THEY'RE UP!



NAUTICAL TERMS FASCINATE ME-- LIKE BLOCK AND TACKLE! YOU TRY TO BLOCK WHILE I TACKLE!

OOFF!

SOCK!



ME, TOO! I'M HANGING A BOOM ON JENKS' BOWSPRIT!

THE MADLY CAREENING SPEED BOAT ATTRACTS THE ATTENTION OF THE HARBOR PATROL...

LOOK!-- THAT BOAT'S OUT OF CONTROL!

AFTER IT!



BUT A CATASTROPHIC
CRASH SEEMS IMMINENT...

I'VE GOT ABOUT TWO
SECONDS -- ONE SECOND TO
POLISH OFF THIS BABY'S
BRIDGE-WORK --

I CAN'T REACH
THE WHEEL
IN TIME!

THEY'LL CRASH!!
THERE'S NOTHING
WE CAN DO!

OMW!



WHEN IN THE NICK OF TIME...

-- AND ONE SECOND
TO GRAB THIS WHEEL--
A-A-AH! I MADE IT!

SAVED!

WHAT IS IT
THIS TIME,
SLAM?

I'LL TELL YOU
WHILE WE'RE
BOARDING THIS
SHIP.. I SUSPECT
SHE'S FULL OF
CONTRABAND!

AND WHEN SLAM HAS BROUGHT THE
POLICE UP TO DATE IN THE BIZARRE TALE...

-- SO THAT'S THE STORY, LIEUTENANT. BUT
AS I SAID, I THINK THE SHIP'S FULL OF STUFF,
PEDDLED ILLEGALLY TO COASTAL TOWNS AT
CUT RATES!

SLAM'S
RIGHT. WE SEARCHED.
THE PLACE IS A REG-
ULAR ROBBERS' CAVE!

THE REST OF THE
GANG WAS HIDING
BELOW--SCARED
OUT OF THEIR
WITS!

WELL, THE COPS
HAVE THE HOODS
IN TOW AND--
GOOD GRIEF!
WE FORGOT TO
ASK THE FACTORY
IF THERE WAS
A REWARD!

CALM YOURSELF,
MY LITTLE PALADIN--
THERE ARE ENOUGH
REWARDS TAGGED
TO THIS SHIP'S
LOOT TO ASSUAGE
EVEN YOUR GREED
FOR GOLD!



THE

CRIMSON AVENGER



REPORTERS, YOU MAY HAVE HEARD, ARE A CYNICAL LOT! THEY'VE SEEN AND HEARD EVERYTHING...AND THEIR ILLUSIONS ABOUT HUMAN NATURE HAVE LONG BEEN WORN THIN! BUT WHEN IT COMES TO BETRAYING THE LAW AND WORKING IN CLOUTS WITH VICIOUS CRIMINALS, CYNICISM ENDS AND TREACHERY BEGINS... AND WING AND THE CRIMSON AVENGER MUST MOVE IN TO COMBAT THE...

EIGHTH COLUMN!

IN THE PRESS ROOM OF THE GLOBE-LEADER, EDITOR LEE TRAVIS STUDIES A NEWSPAPER STILL DAMP WITH PRINTERS' INK...

HMM... BELLO TINKLER'S LUCK IS STILL HOLDING OUT!

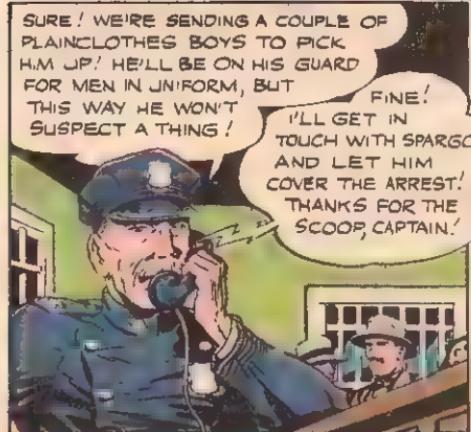
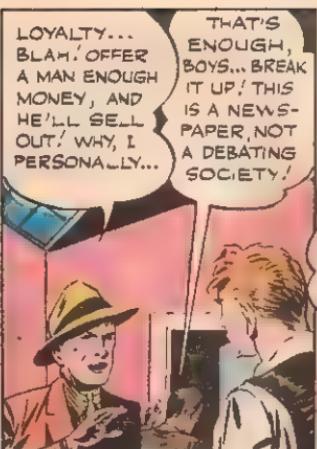
SURE... HE GETS AWAY WITH A LOT OF SWELL HAULS, AND THE COPS CAN'T FIND A CLUE! BUT IF YOU ASK ME, MR. TRAVIS, IT ISN'T LUCK!

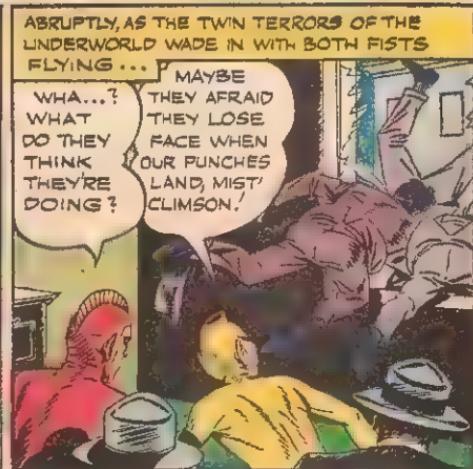


THERE'S DIRTY POLITICS AT WORK! THOSE COPS DON'T WANT TO FIND TINKLER!



CYNICAL, AREN'T YOU, SPARGO? DON'T BE BELIEVE A MAN CAN BE FAITHFUL TO HIS JOB, DO YOU? WELL, BLIVINS HERE IS PROOF TO THE CONTRARY!





PRESENTLY, AFTER THE POLICE HAVE DEPARTED . . .

WING, I'LL HAVE TO CHECK JP WITH McCARTHY, FIND OUT WHETHER HE TOLD ANYBODY BUT ME ABOUT THE RAID! BECAUSE IF HE DIDN'T . . .

THAT MEAN SPARGO TIP OFF CROOKS' HMM, FUNNY SPARGO NOT SHOW UP! HE SUPPOSED TO COVER ARREST!

A QUICK PHONE CALL TO HEAD-QUARTERS . . .

WELL, YES, AVENGER, I DID MENTION THE RAID TO SOMEBODY ELSE . . . MR. TRAVIS! HE SAID HE'D LET SPARGO COVER IT!

YOU'RE SURE HE'S THE ONLY ONE YOU SPOKE TO?

ABSOLUTELY! BUT I DON'T TRUST THIS SPARGO . . . SOME OF THE BOYS HAVE SEEN HIM HANGING OUT WITH CROOKS OF LATE . . . I HOPE HE DIDN'T LET ANYTHING SLIP!

I HOPE NOT, THANKS, CAPTAIN!



SO SPARGO IN WITH CROOKS! BUT HOW WE PROVE? WING NOT SEE WAY!

I THINK I'VE GOT THE ANSWER WING! IF WE ACT FAST, WHILE HE'S STILL UPSET ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED, WE MAY MAKE THE TRAITOR BETRAY HIMSELF!



PRESENTLY, IN THE OFFICE OF THE GLOBE-LEADER . . .

ANOTHER CALL FOR MR. TRAVIS! THAT'S ONE THING I DON'T LIKE ABOUT BEING EDITOR! YOU SPEND HALF YOUR DAY ON THE PHONE!



TRAVIS AIN'T THERE? WELL, TELL 'IM WE PICKED UP TINKLER'S TRAIL TO HIS NEW HIDEOUT! WE'LL MAKE THAT ARREST TONIGHT AFTER ALL!

OKAY, I'LL MAKE A NOTE OF IT!



OUTSIDE THE GLOBE-LEADER BUILDING . . .

WING, WHEN I MADE THAT CALL, I HEARD A CLICK OVER THE WIRE! SOMEBODY ELSE HAD TAPPED MY PHONE AND WAS LISTENING IN! AND THERE HE IS, LEAVING TO REPORT!

SPARGO DIRTY EIGHTH COLUMNIST! BUT WE FOLLOW, SEE WHERE HE GO!



AND NOW A LONG, SKILLFUL PURSUIT
THROUGH THAT MODERN JUNGLE...
A GREAT CITY! THROUGH THE
FINANCIAL DISTRICT, PAST THE
SLUMS, AND EVENTUALLY...

END OF
TRAIL,
MIST'
CLIMSON!

THIS MUST BE TINKLER'S
NEW HIDEOUT! AND I'M
PRETTY SURE THAT HE'S
NOT EXPECTING US
NOW! COME ON, WING!

TWO STEALTHY FIGURES STEAL INTO THE ANCHORED CRAFT...
WHEN UNEXPECTEDLY...

HUH...? LOOK LIKE
RATS TRY LEAVE
SINKING SHIP!

THEM GUYS AGAIN!
HOW'D THEY FOLLOW
US HERE?



HEY, LEGGO...
AND STOP
SHOOTING
AT ME!

YOU TIPPED
THEM OFF, YOU
DIRTY, DOUBLE-
CROSSER!

YOU HEAR WHAT
HE SAY, MR. TINKLE-
TINKLE!

OWWW!
ME HEAD'S
RINGING!



AS HIS FAITHFUL ALLY SWINGS
INTO ACTION, THE SCARLET
SCOURGE OF CRIME DISPOSES
EFFICIENTLY OF THE CRIMINAL'S
COMPANION!

ONE GOOD DIP
DESERVES
ANOTHER!

EEEEEH!

NEXT MOMENT, AS THE
COMRADES IN COMBAT SWEEP ON
TO BIGGER AND BETTER COM-
BINED OPERATIONS...

THE
AVENGER
AGAIN!

HE KNOCKED OUT
THE BOSS! THERE'S
ONLY ONE THING
FOR US TO DO!

UNEXPECTEDLY...
DON'T HIT US, AVENGER...
WE SURRENDER!
THIS IS WHAT WE
MEANT TO DO!

HMM,
VERY
CLEVER
CROOKS
...CLEVEREST
WING
EVER
SEE!



QUICKLY KNOTTED ROPES BIND THE CRIMINALS, AND THEN...

ALL CROOKS DESERVE TO GO TO PRISON... BUT THIS ONE WORST OF ALL! HE DOUBLE-CROSSER!

HEY, CUT THAT OUT.

PUT HIM DOWN, WING! YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE!

HERE'S THE MAN WE WANT! HE WORE A HAT LIKE SPARGO'S, SO YOU THOUGHT IT WAS SPARGO WE WERE FOLLOWING!

HUH..? BLIVINS!

AND HOW! I REALIZED THIS EVENING THAT HE'D BEEN TAPPING LEE TRAVIS' PRIVATE WIRE! I UNDERSTOOD THEN WHY HE WAS SO ANXIOUS TO GET A JOB WITH THE GLOBE-LEADER!

A NEWSPAPER GETS ADVANCE INFORMATION ON MANY IMPORTANT ITEMS! REMEMBER THOSE ROBBERIES BELLS PULLED THIS PAST MONTH? BLIVINS MUST HAVE TIPPED HIM OFF!

AND TODAY HE TELL HIM POLICE KNOW HIDEOUT! WING SEE NOW! BUT WHAT SPARGO DO HERE?

I WAS TRYING TO GET AN ITEM FOR MY COLUMN! ONE OF TINKLER'S MEN SAID HE'D SHOW ME THE HIDEOUT... THEN BROUGHT ME HERE AND TRIED TO PUT ME ON THE SPOT FOR ASKING QUESTIONS!

LATER...

WELL, SPARGO, LEARNING ABOUT BLIVINS MUST HAVE MADE YOU MORE CYNICAL THAN EVER! NOW YOU MUST BE SURE THAT ALL MEN CAN BE BOUGHT!

NO, MR. TRAVIS, NOW I REALIZE THAT THERE ARE HONEST MEN! TAKE THE CRIMSON AVENGER, FOR INSTANCE...

HMM, YOU LEARNING, MIST SPARGO;

FOR TOP-NOTCH CRIMSON AVENGER ADVENTURES READ DETECTIVE COMICS

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HORACE? HAS HE BEEN INHALING LAUGHING GAS?

NO...HE'S BEEN READING THE FIRST ISSUE OF ALL FUNNY COMICS!

NOW ON SALE!

ALL
FUNNY
COMICS

10c

IN THIS ISSUE
HARRY HOPPER'S BACKWOODS!
THE ONE AND ONLY SPARROW'S
HAT!

10c

DOES SPARROW'S HAT?

SPY



THE WAR DRUM BOOMS...
AND FIERCE REDSKINS
BRANDISH TOMAHAWKS NEAR...
UNARMED WHITE MAN...



THEN...

BECAUSE OF
YOUR GREAT
SERVICES TO
OUR COUNTRY,
BART REGAN, I
MAKE YOU AN HON-
ORARY MEMBER
OF THIS TRIBE! NOW
WE ARE ALL
BROTHERS!



I APPRE-
CIATE THE
HONOR
VERY MUCH,
CHIEF
BIG
MOOSE!

AFTER THE CEREMONY...

ILL ALWAYS
BE PROUD OF
BELONGING
TO A TRIBE
THAT HAS
BEEN AMER-
ICAN FOR SO
MANY YEARS!

WE MAY
BE CENTUR-
IES OLD,
BUT WE'RE
MODERN
TOO! I WANT
YOU TO MEET
CHARLIE LITTLE-
DEER, WHO'S A
SCIENTIST!



Suddenly...

RIFLE SHOTS!

SOMETHING IS
WRONG! THERE
SHOULD BE NO
SHOOTING HERE!

BANG!
BANG!



Seconds later...

IT'S CHARLIE
LITTLEDEER,
THE MAN
I WANTED
YOU TO
MEET!

AND HE'S
BEEN SHOT
IN THE
BACK!



WHOEVER KILLED HIM WILL
PAY THE PENALTY! I STILL
RETAIN MY SKILL AT FOL-
LOWING A TRAIL... I SHALL
TRACK DOWN
THE MURDERER
MYSELF!

AS CHIEF BIG MOOSE
DEPARTS...

NEW
MOCCASINGS... AND WHAT
SEEM TO BE PENCIL MARKS
ON THE SOLES! MIGHT BE
A CLUE TO WHERE
CHARLIE WAS BEFORE HE
GOT BACK TO CAMP! I'LL LOOK
INTO THIS...

UPON CHIEF BIG MOOSE'S
RETURN!...

HMM!!
EVIDENTLY
THE MUR-
DERER IS
SKILLED IN
HIDING HIS
FOOTPRINTS--
BUT I FAILED!
TRACKS! WERE ANY
OF THE TRIBE MISSING
FROM THE
CEREMONY?

NO ONE
BUT
CHARLIE
LITTLE-
DEER,
HIM
SELF!

AS BART REGAN PONDERS THE MYSTERY, WEIRD
SOUNDS DRAW HIS ATTENTION TO A STRANGE
SCENE...

VERY INTERESTING!
PUT THAT DOWN,
SMITHERS!

WHEEE...
AAA = BEE =
AAA = BEE =

HUH...?
WHAT'S
THAT?



THIS IS SMITHERS,
MY SECRETARY,
AND THIS IS
MY GUIDE,
PETERS! I'M
PROFESSOR HUNTER...
I'VE BEEN MAKING A
STUDY OF INDIAN SONGS
AND LEGENDS!

DON'T LET
ME INTER-
RUPT YOU,
PROFESSOR!
GO RIGHT
AHEAD WITH
YOUR WORK!



WHILE THE EERIE MUSIC
WAILS MOURNFULLY...

NO TRIBESMAN COULD
HAVE KILLED LITTLEDEER!
I'LL JUST TAKE A LOOK AT
THE PROFESSOR'S TENT
AND SEE IF PERHAPS A
PALEFACE IS RE-
SPONSIBLE!



HMM... A DEFINITE ODOR
OF BURNED POWDER! THIS
RIFLE WAS FIRED RECENTLY,
YET NO CARTRIDGES ARE
MISSING! AND THOSE
TWO SHOTS WERE THE
ONLY ONES FIRED! THIS
RIFLE WAS USED TO KILL
LITTLEDEER, THEN RE-
LOADED!



LIKE A BLOODHOUND ON
THE SCENT, THE ACE SPY-
CATCHER PURSUDES THE CLUES
WHICH WILL DRAW A NOOSE
ABOUT THE GUILTY
MAN...

HERES WHERE CHARLIE
MUST HAVE BEEN
EARLIER IN THE DAY!
THOSE GRAY STREAKS
WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR
THE MARKS ON THE MOCCASINS!



I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND
THE MOTIVE FOR HIS
MURDER! AND I THINK
I KNOW WHO KILLED
HIM, TOO!



A VICTIOUS ARM SNOOPS DOWN, BUT
HAWK EYES SIGHT A DARTING SHADOW AND...

UGH... I FEEL
DIZZY... LUCKY
THAT WAS A
GLANCING BLOW.



LOOK OUT, BART REGAN...

I MUST HAVE PRACTISED THAT A
THOUSAND TIMES... I CAN
ALMOST DO IT IN MY
SLEEP...



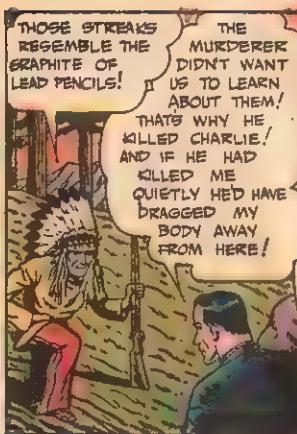
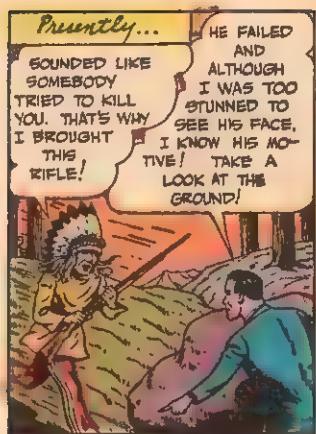
Next moment...

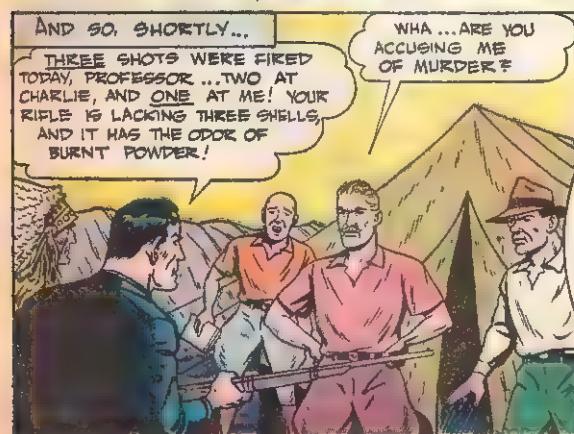
HE WANTED TO KILL ME
QUIETLY, BUT I'VE FORCED
HIM TO SHOOT! HE'S
TOO LATE, THOUGH!

BANG

PING!







...IF YOU WON'T STAND FOR IT, SIT DOWN! AND LISTEN! THAT RIFLE PROVES YOU'RE INNOCENT, NOT GUILTY!

HUH?

I EXAMINED YOUR RIFLE EARLIER AND FOUND IT FULLY LOADED, BUT THE MURDERER DIDN'T KNOW I EXAMINED IT! AND WHEN HE HEARD I WAS GOING TO SEARCH THE TENT, HE REMOVED THE CARTRIDGES TO FRAME YOU!

HUNTER ISN'T THE KILLER EITHER ... THERE ARE NO PENCIL MARKS ON HIS SHOES! YOU, PETERS, AND THE PROFESSOR, HAVE THE MARKS BECAUSE YOU WALKED ON THE GROUND WHERE CHARLIE MADE HIS DISCOVERY!

HEY, LEGGO MY LEG!

THE PROFESSOR WOULDN'T FRAME HIMSELF ... THAT LEAVES YOU, PETERS! I FIRST SUSPECTED IT WHEN CHIEF BIG MOOSE COULDN'T PICK UP YOUR TRAIL...THAT MEANT THAT THE MURDERER WAS A SKILLED PLAISMAN. YOU FITTED THAT DESCRIPTION, PETERS! YOU'RE PROFESSOR HUNTER'S GUIDE!

YOU'RE CRAZY! I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW LITTLEDEER! WHY SHOULD I KILL HIM?

BECAUSE THE STUFF THAT LEFT MARKS ON YOUR SHOES WASN'T GRAPHITE ... IT WAS MOLYBDENUM ORE, USED TO MAKE ARMOR PLATE! IT WOULD HAVE HELPED OUR WAR EFFORT, AND AS A SCIENTIST, CHARLIE LITTLEDEER KNEW IT!

WHY...YOU GUESSED!

ANOTHER THING I CAN TAKE A GUESS AT ... YOUR NAME ISN'T PETERS! IT'S SOMETHING LIKE SCHMIDT AND YOU'RE A DISLOYAL ALIEN! YOU KNEW WHAT THE STUFF WAS AND KILLED CHARLIE TO KEEP HIM QUIET!

YOU GUESS TOO MUCH, WISE GUY! GUESS WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN NOW!

YOUR KNIFE MAY BE SHARP, BUT YOUR WIT IS DULL!

OWWWWW!

THIS FIST WILL PROVE MY POINT ... ON THE POINT OF YOUR JAW!

AAAAAAA!

YOUR WAR BONDS AND STAMPS HELP OUR WAR EFFORT! BUY UNTIL IT HURTS--THE AXIS!

PAID IN FULL

by Emory Blake

HEY, wait a minute, Mister! No, you're not seeing things, that's a wild duck following that boy all right. But you can't shoot him! Sure, I know you got a license to hunt here, but there are plenty of other ducks around. Tame? No sir—no more than the one you see following young Bobby Perkins around!

Well, that duck isn't tamed, mister, don't make that mistake. You draw a bead on it, and that there duck will take wing faster than you ever did see. Right smart duck, that thing.

You know, it doesn't seem more'n a year since that duck came around these parts. Yessir, it was right on that lake, where you're tryin' to get some shots, that it first happened.

What happened? I'm tryin' to tell you, mister, so just sit tight among those fancy decoys of yours and let me get 'long with the story. Pears to me I should start with young Bobby over there on the shore.

Certainly he's a local boy—well, he's a year older now, but not more'n a child to me. I tell you, Mister, the Perkinses have a right to be proud. They settled here a long time ago. And maybe it will surprise you some, Mister, to know that they barged with the Indians for this land. And that's really settling early.

Don't rush me now, I'm trying to remember that day Bobby found the very duck you almost shot at. Pears to me, it wasn't long after Thanksgiving. The boy was walking home from school when he heard this strange cry. Naturally, none of our boys around here are 'fraidy cats, so he went over and investigated. And it was a duck,

Mister, a no-account wild duck. Somehow, the duck had gotten injured and there it was, couldn't fly or waddle. All it could do was lay there and cry. Well, young Bobby said later it was almost like a human cry, but what can a boy like Bobby know about such things?

Anyway, he did know that he had to help the duck. Now, I'm not saying, Mister, that anyone would have tried to fix up that bird: me, I'd probably have killed it and enjoyed myself a duck dinner. So it was just as well, I didn't find it, but that little boy over there did. Mister, I'm telling you I'm sure glad I didn't find it!

It's a funny thing how a pet can get under your skin. Like this one did to Bobby, I mean. The boy took him home and wanted to nurse him until he could get well. You should have heard what happened in the Perkins home when the lad brought in this duck. Old Man Perkins sure set up an awful holler. "You get that consarned bird out of here, Bobby," he yelled, "Unless you want to see him in 'soup.'" And Old Man Perkins' got a voice you can hear for three counties—when he's mad, that is.

Well, that little boy's face went white. He didn't cry. He's got a lot of pride that young Bobby. He just stood there, with his little lips tight and his eyes looking straight into his father's.

So the old man continued bellinger, but suddenly the boy looked at him. "He's hurt, Dad," he said. "And he trusts me. Look." His lip quivered. "I've got to keep him—I've just got to."

Well, Mary Perkins spoke up then. "It's only for a little while,

Sam," she said.

Young Bobby looked up gratefully at his mother and when Sam Perkins saw the two of 'em were aggin him, he just threw up his hands. "All right," he said. "But as soon as that bird can fly, out he goes."

Well, for weeks, you'd never think young Bobby was around. All he did was take care of that duck, and you could see the duck was getting plenty attached to him, too. But Sam Perkins knew that once the bird could fly, it would be too bad. Off he'd go, and maybe someone would pot shot him, and that'd be the end of the pet. Honest, Mister, that's all he had been worried about in the first place, but Sam didn't have the heart to tell his kid that.

All of which proved he didn't know his kid. Mister, when that bird got better, young Bobby set him free. Oh, it hurt, you could see tears in the kid's eyes. He wanted his pet to stay, but getting a wild duck to settle down in one spot is—oh well, I can tell by the empty shells around your boat here, Mister, just how tough it is to get a wild duck in one place.

Well, that duck sure was ungrateful. He took it on the wing the morning Bobby released him and that was the last the kid saw of him. Or, at least, that's what the Perkins thought.

For a couple of weeks, you could see how young Bobby missed that bird. But then Sam Perkins bought the boy a nice air rifle and little Bobby was happy again. After all, he was only eight then—remember, this was a year ago, Mister—and it's given to kids to forget easily. Sometimes I wish the practice was continued all through life, too.

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And speaking of kids, you know how frisky they can get, Mister, like walking right into trouble. Sort of making it. That's what happened to young Bobby. And why not?

Gosh, I guess any normal kid would have felt the same way, wanting to play on the ice. Yes, the waters of this lake really freeze during the winter, Mister. We've had it so cold up here, our cows have given ice cubes for milk.

Oh, I'm not kidding. Come around some middle of winter and see. Anyway, we had been having some nice skating parties on the lake. But the weather shifted and for a couple of days it got milder, making the ice plenty dangerous. It was freak weather, of course, and we all knew that around these parts the ice was going to freeze again. But until it did, we had to take precautions. Well, I live right over there, Mister, that house alongside the west shore, so I put up some guard ropes and warning signs. Some of our older boys, wanting to show off I guess, used to sneak up at night and skate on that thin ice. I sure figured Bobby Perkins would be doing the same thing.

But thank goodness, Mister, he got his idea in the daytime. His mother was down in the basement washing some clothes so she didn't see Bobby take his skates and go down to the lake. He had decided to do a little practising.

He's not a heavy kid, as you might have noticed, Mister, so for a while it was pretty safe. But then, as all kids do, he decided to skate out a little past the danger zone. It was the

wrong thing to do, Mister—and if Bobby's pony had ever come along, that lad would have gotten some walloping.

But Sam Perkins was in town on business. So the first person to hear Bobby's cry for help was his own mother. She happened to look out the cellar window, and was testing the cat when she heard Bobby's voice. "Help! Help!"

The boy had fallen through the ice! She could see him, trying to hang on, and also trying to reach for a piece of guard rope, which was just out of his grasp. She saw when she got closer, just what that meant, too. It must have terrorized Bobby to have help that close and not be able to touch it.

But think of Mrs. Perkins' fear, Mister. I don't know how that woman ever managed to get through it. She ran out soon as she heard the cry. But what could she do? If she stepped onto the ice, she'd go down with it. She was frantic, that poor woman, and it looked like all hope was lost. There was nobody in sight, no one she could ask for help. There was nothing around except a flight of wild ducks, heading for a hideout.

To Mary Perkins her son was doomed. She told me later, she almost went out on that ice, crazy as it would have been! And it was sure death. And there was Bobby, his voice getting weaker, crying for his mother to help him. Mary Perkins just closed her eyes, and prayed she wouldn't faint. Something had to happen; something just had to.

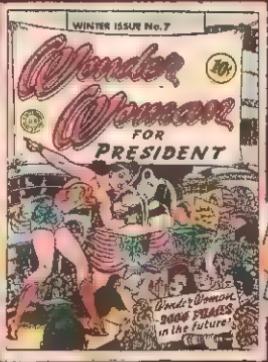
And it did happen, Mister, a miracle! Because from that

flight of wild ducks came help. Before Mary Perkins' startled eyes, a duck actually left the flight—and they never do that, Mister—and alighted near the boy. It was almost as though a human hand—or maybe the hand was more Divine, Mister—was directing that duck. For that duck pushed the guard rope right to young Bobby Perkins! The kid wrapped it around his wrist and hung on. He was safe! He could have stayed there an hour now, but fortunately he didn't have to. Sam Perkins had forgotten some papers and came back, unexpectedly to get them.

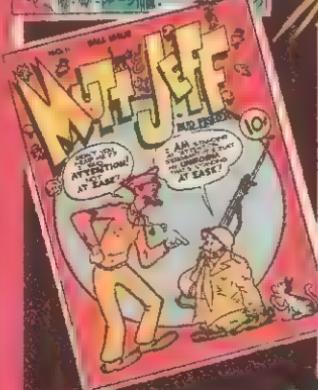
Well, Sam got that kid to safety quick. The boy was suffering from submersion, but being a pretty healthy lad, was sure to fight it off. But I'll never forget the first thing he said when he opened his eyes. He didn't look at Sam Perkins, no sir. He looked at his mother and whispered: "Mother, it was him. My duck." He came back to help me."

And his mother's voice was filled with gratitude and understanding, Mister, as she said: "I know, Bobby, I believe." She smiled. "I guess he felt he had a debt to pay and wanted to wait until he could pay it before seeing you again."

Yes, Mister, even Sam Perkins, scoffers that he is, had to admit there was something Providential about it all. Why, take that duck now. He came back here this year, just as though he wants to make sure Bobby's all right. And in a few weeks, he'll fly away again. But he'll be back again next year, Mister, I'm sure of it. Sure as my name is Sam Perkins!



BE SURE
TO GET THESE
TOP FAVORITES
FOR THE BEST IN
COMICS!



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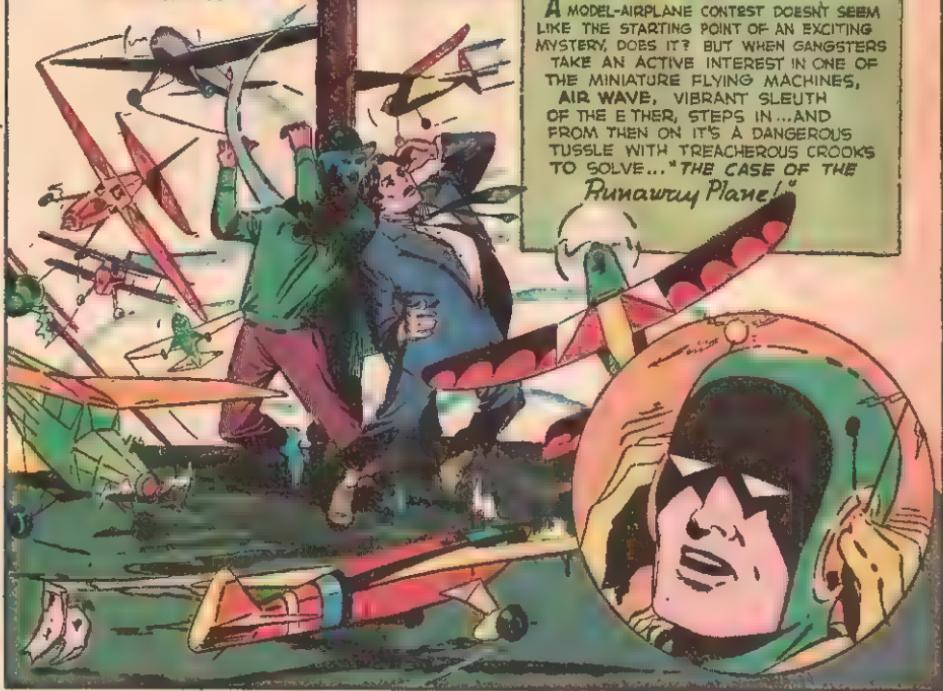
NOW ON SALE
EVERWHERE!

A SUPERMAN
DC PUBLICATION

AIR WAVE



A MODEL-AIRPLANE CONTEST DOESN'T SEEM LIKE THE STARTING POINT OF AN EXCITING MYSTERY, DOES IT? BUT WHEN GANGSTERS TAKE AN ACTIVE INTEREST IN ONE OF THE MINIATURE FLYING MACHINES, AIR WAVE, VIBRANT SLEUTH OF THE E THER, STEPS IN...AND FROM THEN ON IT'S A DANGEROUS TUSSE WITH TREACHEROUS CROOKS TO SOLVE... "THE CASE OF THE Runaway Plane!"



DISTRICT ATTORNEY LARRY JORDAN'S YOUNG NEPHEW, BUDDY, REMINDS HIS BUSY UNCLE OF A PROMISE...

TODAY'S THE DAY OF THE MODEL-AIRPLANE CONTEST, UNCLE LARRY! REMEMBER... YOU PROMISED TO TAKE ME!



LOOK! UNCLE LARRY! THERE'S MY FRIEND, JIMMY BLAKE! HE'S ENTERING THE CONTEST FOR RADIO CONTROLLED PLANES!

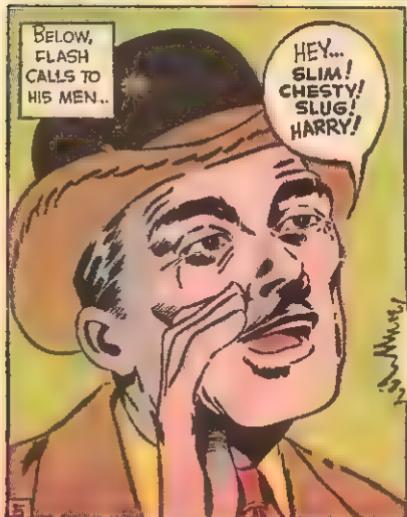
RADIO CONTROLLED, EH? THAT'S MIGHTY INTERESTING!

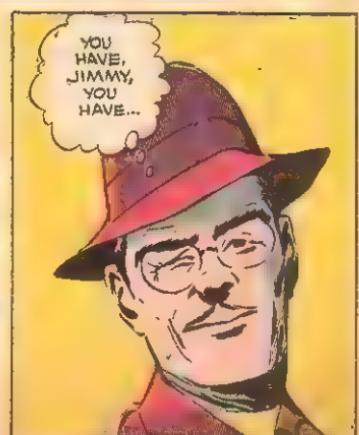
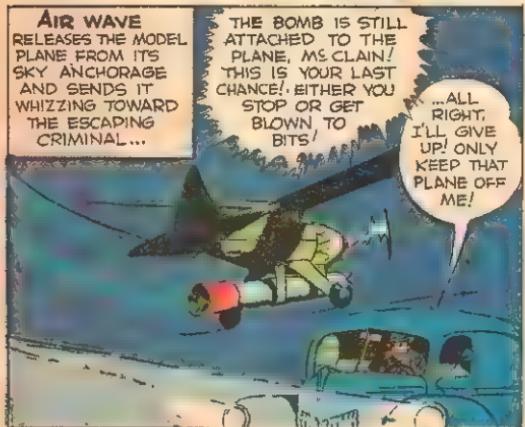












BIKE-OLOGY

NEW WORLD'S RECORD -

JOHN S. PRICE, RIDING A ROYAL MAIL SET A NEW WORLD'S RECORD FOR BICYCLES IN 1864. HE COVERED ONE MILE IN THE THEN UN-BELIEVABLE TIME OF 2 MINUTES AND 39 SECONDS. TODAY'S RECORD FOR THE DISTANCE IS 33 SECONDS.

TRADE MARK OF
THE BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION



STOPPING BY HAND.
A FAR CRY FROM TODAY'S
PRECISION-BUILT MORROWS.
AFTER BRAKE WAS DEPLOYED
BY HAND, A RATCHET
ARRANGEMENT ON THE
FRONT WHEEL PERMITTED
GRADUAL STOPPING.

IVORY HANDLES

HANDLES OF IVORY,
THOUGH VERY EXPENSIVE,
WERE IN RATHER COMMON USE
AT ONE TIME. UNLIKE
WOODEN ONES, THEY
DIDN'T BLISTER THE HANDS.



THE MORROW COASTER BRAKE -
HAS BEEN KNOWN FOR ITS EASY PEDALING,
FREE COASTING, AND SMOOTH BRAKING SINCE
THE EARLIEST DAYS OF BICYCLING. TODAY, AS AN
IMPORTANT MEMBER OF THE INVISIBLE CREW,
IT IS SERVING A VITAL PURPOSE ON MANY
BATTLEFRONTS, AS WELL AS THE HOMEFRONT.

THE INVISIBLE CREW
Bendix
Aviation Corporation

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

LAFFS



The 50th COMMANDOS in The TRIUMPH of CHOLLY the CHIMP



ORDER OF THE DAY

Commandos will try to Refrain from using the term "Ape" to Describe Japs and Nazis...there are some very fine Characters among the monkey-folk...

Rip Carter
CAPTAIN

HERE'LL BE CHEERS FOR A SCHOLARLY FELLOW KNOWN AS CHOLLY THE CHIMP WHEN BATTLE-SCARRED COMMANDOS RETURN FROM A CERTAIN BUSINESS TRIP TO NAZI-OCCUPIED FRANCE...BECAUSE EVERY LIVING MAN OF THEM WILL KNOW THAT THE ODDS WOULD HAVE BEEN 1,000-TO-1 AGAINST HIS EVER COMING BACK IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR CHOLLY! AND HERE IS THE ROLICKING, RIOTOUS, ROARING STORY BEHIND IT ALL...WITH THE FAMOUS BOY COMMANDOS STORMING THROUGH ONE OF THE STRANGEST ADVENTURES OF THEIR DAREDEVIL CAREER TO ADD A NEW WRINKLE TO THE BROW OF A GLOOMY LITTLE MONSTER NAMED ADOLF SCHICKLEGRUBER!

JOE SIMON AND JACK KIRBY

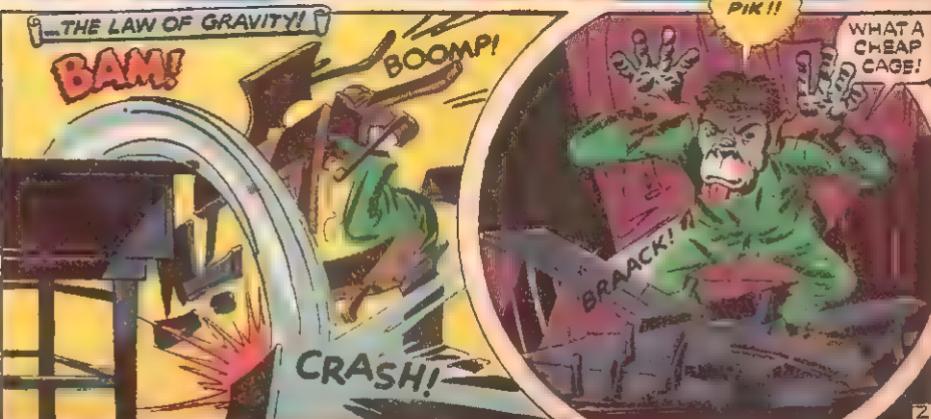
FACING THE DAILY PROSPECT OF FALLING NAZI BOMBS, A BRAVE PEOPLE NEED COURAGE AND GOOD SPIRIT... SO LONDON MUST LAUGH!!

STEP RIGHT H'UP, FOLKS... AND SEE CHOLLY THE H'EDJICATED CHIMP! THE CHIMP WITH A H'OXFORD DIPLOMA!

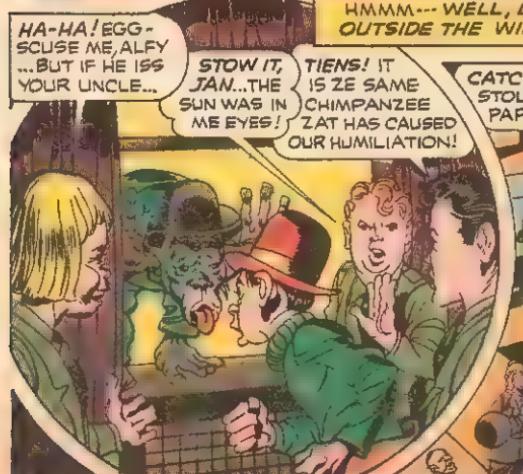
'ERE, YOU COMMANDO BLOKES... 'OW ABOUT SPENDIN' A SHILLIN' TA SEE A MONK WHO'S H'I.Q. H'IS BIGGER'N YOURS?

HAINA-HA-HA!

WHY, YA BIG GORILLA!











THEIR FIGHTING SPIRIT THOROUGHLY AROUSED, THE YOUNG BATTLES HOLD A COUNCIL OF WAR...

COME, COME, CHUMS! H'
WE GOIN' TA GET TH
WIND UP ON H'ACCOUN
O' A MONK WOT DON'T
KNOW NOTHIN'?

IT IS MY TURN
TO HAVE AN
IDEA! LISTEN--
WHATEVER WE DO,
THE MONK WILL
IMITATE US...

...SO LET US
THROW THINGS
AT HIM UNTIL
HE THROWS THE
BRIEFCASE OF
THESE GENTLE-
MEN DOWN
TO US!

HOW DER FUEHRER
VILL LAUGH WHEN
HE HEARS HOW DER
COMMANDOS HELPED
US MAKE THEIR
OWN SLAUGHTER
POSS BLE!

A group of men in a room, one pointing a gun.

WELL-AIMED BARRAGE DISTURBS THE FUGITIVE...

YEEOWKSS!!
(OJCH!! I'LL
MOIDER DA
BUMS!!)

YO ARE A GENIUS, JAN!
ZE BEAST WEEL THROW DOWN
ZE PAPERS, AND IT WEEL BE
PROVED ZAT WE ARE SMART-
ER ZAN HE, WIZ ALL
HIS EDUCATION!

**...BUT ONLY
MOMENTARILY!**

VAT HAFF
I STARTED

A BLINKIN' MASSACRE!

A circular comic panel depicting a chaotic scene. In the center, a man with a mustache and a red shirt is shouting. To his left, a woman with blonde hair looks shocked. Above them, a small figure says, "BUT ONLY MOMENTARILY!" Below the woman, another figure says, "I STARTED?" A speech bubble on the right says, "A BLINKIN' MASSACRE!" The background is filled with streaks of light and smoke, suggesting a chaotic or explosive event.

A comic book panel showing a man in a green suit being punched by another man. The man in green says "OH, DA SHAME OF IT... HIDIN' FROM A MONK!" and the puncher says "OUCH!" and "OW!!".

PERHAPS I MAY YET
SAVE ZE HONOR OF
ZE COMMANDOS!



NO CHIMPANZEE OF ANY INTELLIGENCE WOULD CARE TO RISK A FRONTAL ATTACK BY THE BOY COMMANDOS!





AS STRANGE A MANHUNT AS THE BATTERED CITY OF LONDON HAS EVER SEEN, GETS UNDER WAY!

DIDN'T I TELL YA,
HE WUZ SMART
AS A WHIP?



'E'S GOIN'
IN THAT
WINDER!

BLIMEY!
H'I 'OPE
H'IT'S THE
RIGHT
PLACE!



JUST AS THE SPIES MAKE RADIO CONTACT
WITH THEIR HEADQUARTERS IN BERLIN...
CALLING BERLIN...THIS
ISS STATION K-ELEVEN
WITH VITAL INFORMATION!

LET ME
READ IT...
ACH!!



COMMANDOS!
NO... IT ISS
DER MONKEY!



THIS TIME VE
VILL NOT HAVE
ANY NONSENSE!
DIE, ENEMY OF
DER FUEHRER!



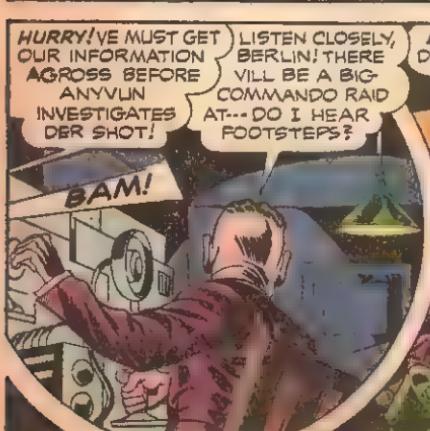
HURRY! VE MUST GET
OUR INFORMATION
ACROSS BEFORE
ANYVUN
INVESTIGATES
DER SHOT!

LISTEN CLOSELY,
BERLIN! THERE
VILL BE A BIG
COMMANDO RAID
AT--- DO I HEAR
FOOTSTEPS?

DONNERVETTER!
DER RAID ISS ON!!

MORE
MONKEYS...
I MEAN
COMMANDOS!

GIVE 'EM WOT
FOR--AN' YE
KNOW FOR WOT!





FREE
with your
order ...



Foot stirrups, important for foot and leg development. FREE with outfit. Outfit consists intensive overhand workouts to develop a mighty torso.

**now
GET BURSTING
STRENGTH fast!**

Build your body into a virile, dynamic machine of tiger strength. No room these days for weaklings. You must be STRONG to get ahead... get Herculean strength easily at home in spare time with this newly invented chest pull and bar bell combination.

Get Bursting Strength Quickly

If you are a weakling or boast of super muscles, you will find this outfit just what you need. Contains dozens of individual features, all adjustable in tension, resistance, and strength. This permits you to regulate your workouts to meet actual resistance of your strength and to increase power progressively as you build mighty muscles. Men who have reached the top in strong-man feats acclaim this progressive chest pull and bar bell combination. It contains a new kind of progressive chest pull. Not rubber which wears out but strong tension springs. These springs are adjustable so that you may use low strength until you get stronger and terrific pulling resistance when you are muscular. Included is a specially invented bar bell, hook-up. This bar bell outfit permits you to do all kinds of bar bell workouts... to practice weight lifting and bring into play muscles of your legs, chest, arms so you build as you train. There is a wall exerciser hook-up enabling you to do bending and stretching exercises. You also have features of a rowing machine. Hand grips help develop a mighty grip. Pictorial and printed instructions enable you to get stronger day by day.

Don't be banked! Don't let any one tell you that you can put inches on or build any part of your body by fanning the air.



We not only furnish you with equipment, we also supply specially prepared diet and exercise which guide you day by day.



GUARANTEE

If not satisfied after 5 days, return for refund of purchase price.

Send No Money
Sign your
name to coupon
below.

Send coupon
postmarked price plus
postage on arrival. If you
can buy a stronger outfit
than our Super X set we
will give you double your
money back.

Music
Power Co.
P. O. Box 1
Station X, New York, N. Y.



new PROGRESSIVE CHEST PULLEBAR BELL COMBINATION

MUSCLE POWER CO., Dept. 6801

F. O. Box 1, Station X, New York, 54, N. Y.

Send me the outfit checked below on five days' approval. Also enclose special pictorial and printed instructions. I will deposit amount of set plus postage in accordance with your guarantee. Enclose the stirrups free with my order.

Send regular strength chest pull and bar bell combination. Set \$5.95

Send Super strength set at \$6.95

Send cash with order and we pay postage. Same guarantee.

Name _____

Address _____

(SPECIAL) If you are aboard ship or outside of U.S.A. send money order in American funds at prices listed above plus \$6.00

I Jumped from \$18 a Week to \$50 -a Free Book started me toward this GOOD PAY JOB IN RADIO

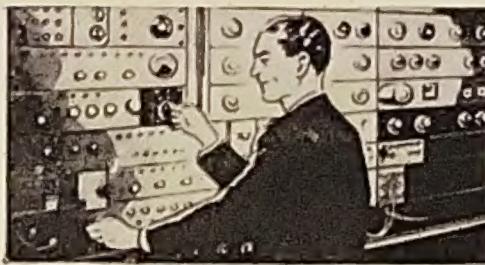
Here's
How it
Happened
by S. J. E. NAME AND ADDRESS
SENT UPON REQUEST

"I had an \$18 a week job in a shoe factory. I read about Radio opportunities and enrolled with the National Radio Institute."

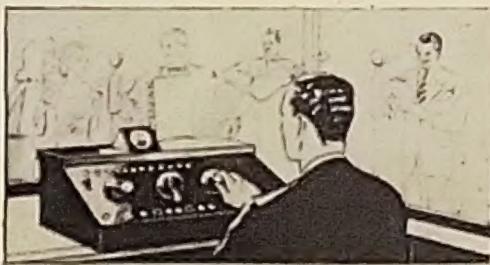
"I was soon earning \$5 to \$10 a week in spare time fixing Radios. This paid for the National Radio Institute Course and led to work paying for my college education."



"Radio servicing permitted me to attend school and work evenings. Upon completing the N. R. I. Course I was made Service Manager at \$40 to \$50 a week, more than twice my shoe factory wage."



"Later the N. R. I. Graduate Service Department sent me to Station KWCR as a Radio Operator. Now I am Radio Engineer of Station WSUI and connected with Television Station WDXK."



"The N. R. I. Course took me out of a low-pay job and put me into Radio at good pay; enabled me to earn a college education. There's a promising future for trained Radio men."



Find out today how I Train You at Home to BE A RADIO TECHNICIAN

Here's your chance to get a good job in a busy war-time field with a bright peacetime future! There is a real shortage today of trained Radio Technicians and Operators. So mail the Coupon for my FREE 64-page, illustrated book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." It describes many fascinating types of Radio jobs; tells how you can find them at home in spare time!

More Radio Technicians and Operators Now Make \$50 a Week Than Ever Before

There's a big shortage today of capable Radio Technicians and Operators. Fixing Radios pays better now than for years. With new Radios out of production, fixing old sets, which were formerly traded in, adds greatly to the normal

number of servicing jobs. Broadcasting Stations, Aviation and Police Radio, and other Radio branches are scrambling for Operators and Technicians. Radio Manufacturers, now working on Government orders for Radio equipment, employ trained men. The Government, too, needs hundreds of competent civilian and enlisted Radio men and women.

Many Beginners Soon Make \$5, \$10 a Week EXTRA in Spare Time

The day you enroll for my Course I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS that show how to earn EXTRA money fixing Radios. Many make \$5, \$10 a week EXTRA in spare time while still learning. I send you SIX big kits of real Radio parts. You LEARN Radio fundamentals from

my lessons—PRACTICE what you learn by building typical circuits—PROVE what you learn by interesting tests.

Be Ready To Cash In On Good-Pay Jobs Coming In Television, Electronics

Think of the NEW jobs that Television Frequency Modulation, Electronics, and other Radio developments will open after the war! So take the first step at once. Get my 64-page, illustrated book. No obligation—no salesman will call. Just mail Coupon in an envelope or paste it on a penny postcard. —J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 4AB9, National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

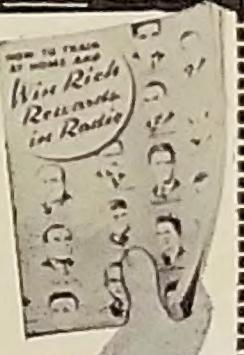
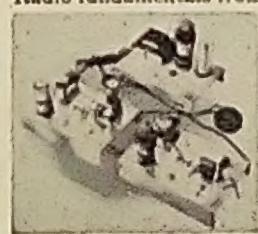
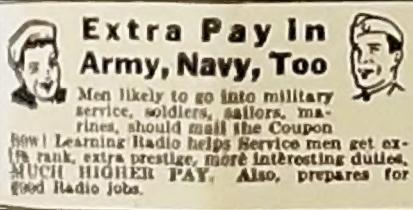
THIS **FREE** BOOK HAS SHOWN HUNDREDS HOW TO MAKE GOOD MONEY

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 4AB9
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.
Mail me FREE, without obligation, your 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." (No salesman will call. Write plainly.)

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



The Beginners' Way to Good Pay in Radio

New DAISY Play Guns

READY



**IDEAL FOR
CHRISTMAS GIFTS!**

★HARMLESS!

- ★ Military Gun Slings
- ★ Fast Pump Action
- ★ A Repeater
- ★ "Bang!" Noise
- ★ Genuine Daisy Quality and Durability

19
Duty Added
in Canada

9 Doty Address in Canada

plus
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PATENT APPLIED FOR

A beautiful red, white and blue Daisy Victory Model Crest appears on each play gun stock.

DAISY COMMANDO MODEL Repeating PLAY GUN

Get and shoot this new, safe fun gun—the DAISY COMMANDO! (Not an air rifle.) Just put that husky stock to your shoulder, grab the pump action and let 'er go! Makes a "BANG!" each time you work it. Be a Commando! Carry it on your back with the military-type gun sling—like a Commando does! Absolutely harmless. Exciting fun, indoors, outdoors. Ideal for military drills. Ask Dad or Mother to send only \$1.19 plus 11c for postage-handling *direct* to us and we'll ship your COMMANDO postpaid at once! (Or use your own money!) 

New Daisy **SUB-MACHINE GUN**

RAT-TAT-TAT-A-TAT



Attention
PARENTS!

These two new Daisy play guns carry the *Commendation Seal from PARENTS' MAGAZINE*. The COMMANDO and CHATTERMATIC are harmless but give plenty of a-c-t-i-o-n and noise to children from 4 to 11 years old. Both are superior in workmanship, durability, quality. Order DIRECT now.

80¢

Plus 11c Postage
Duty added in Canada

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WORLD-FAMOUS BULLS EYE SHOT AND

DAISY AIR RIFLES

(PLEASE DO NOT ORDER AIR RIFLES OR SHOT FROM US—NEITHER WILL BE AVAILABLE DURING THE WAR)

